

IN TIGER'S CLUTCHES.



It is one thing to hunt the tiger and quite another thing to have the tiger hunt you. When 'Stripes' hunting on his own account, pounces upon a man the victim has a poor chance for his life. That there are few men who can tell of such an experience is needless to say," said Capt. E. A. Arbuthnot. After the cigars had been lighted a guest who had known him twenty years before in India had pressed him to tell the story of his tiger adventure there and the captain had consented.

"The thing occurred in the Dabrah Doolah district in Assam, where I had gone with the idea of becoming a tea planter," continued the captain. "The beginning of the adventure, to tell the story completely, was my meeting a shikari named Dassa Bahu on the morning of the day when I fell in with the tiger. The word shikari, you will understand, means native hunter, a tiger hunter in particular. I was on my way that day to look over a tract of jungle land which I thought of buying and clearing for cultivation, when on passing Dassa Bahu's house I saw him sitting in the doorway and he was in a peck of trouble.

"His old East Indian company's army musket, the gun with which he hunted, was lying across his lap, and he was fumbling at the lock. He wanted to go out into the jungle that day, and here was his gun hammer out of gear, so that when he pulled it back it would not catch and stay at full cock. I saw at once what was wrong with the lock, and chancing to have with me a watch-maker's file, I set the thing right in five minutes. Bahu was very grateful, and I rode on, leaving him carefully loading the gun. I don't wish to get ahead of my story, but will say here that my stopping to help Bahu out of his trouble was the means of saving my own life that day.

"This meeting with the shikari occurred about an hour after daybreak. I went on my way, and by the middle of the afternoon I had seen all I cared to of the tract of land I came to view, and was ready to return to my bungalow. Of the two servants who accompanied me, I had left one with my horse a mile back where there was some shade and grass. The other, who was with me, I sent to the man in the rear directing that they bring the horse round by the road to a point where I would meet them. The man started off on a run, and after watching him out of sight, I took my way along a jungle path toward the point on the road where I had appointed to meet them.

"The jungle growth through which the path led was made up largely of

bamboo grass taller than my head, interspersed with the grass were clumps of bushes, low-topped korinda trees, and here and there a taller tree. Now that I was alone the thought came to me that I should feel more comfortable if I had kept my rifle by me, for it being rather heavy to carry, I had left it with the servant, who had charge of the horse. But I was not much disturbed by anticipations of danger as I strolled along the path, taking my time, for I expected to have to wait for my men at the roadside.

"The thing came suddenly, without warning. There was a strange moving of the grass and bushes a few feet away to one side of the path, the tall grass parted to left and right in the furrow that came straight toward me there was a loud, deep-throated roar and the tiger had me. I was standing stock still staring at the moving grass, for there was no use in running away, for he came out on me. There was one glimpse of paws, jaws, and white breast all plunging for me, and then I was flat on my back in the path, with the tiger crouching upon me, his claws set in my left shoulder and right side. The long feelers at his nose brushed my face as he set his teeth into my shoulder in one sharp, crushing bite, apparently to make sure that I would die still.

"If the tiger had been alarmed or wounded, if he had overtaken me running away, or had I struggled—I should have been killed outright. I certainly expected nothing else, but the tiger, not repeating the bite, lifted his head as if listening. Some sound in the road may have made him fearful of losing his prey, for, seizing me by the shoulder, he swung me clear of the ground and started away through the jungle in long, swift leaps. I weighed at that time 135 pounds, and the tiger carried me along as easily as a cat would carry a squirrel.

"It will probably sound strange to you, although a similar experience has been related by others, when I say that from the moment the tiger leaped on

me I felt no pain from teeth or claws. Neither did I, after once the brute had seized me, feel any keen sense of fear, although perfectly conscious of all that was going on and of what seemed the certainty that I should be immediately killed. Perhaps the best expression of my condition while I was in the tiger's power would be to say that I was in a hypnotic state, for I can compare my sensation with nothing else.

"The tiger ran perhaps fifty yards, then stopped, laid me down and crouched, watching me. Presently he picked me up again and started on through the jungle, this time walking, bearing me along with my legs dragging upon the ground. Coming to an open space he laid me down, and, backing away for a distance of two or three yards, lay crouched, watching me intently, after the manner of a cat that plays with a mouse.

"From the position in which I lay I could look straight into his yellow eyes and could see the curling in and out of the tip of the supple tail. Then as with every second I expected the tiger to leap upon me and tear me, there crashed in the jungle's stillness the loud report of a gun, close at hand. I saw the tiger leap to his feet, whirl toward the sound, and he roared once as he reared himself almost upright on his hind legs; then fell over on his side struggling.

"It was from the old firelock that I had set in order that morning—the East Indian company musket of Dassa Bahu that the shot had come which saved my life. The shikari had found the path the tiger was accustomed to take in going from his den to the nearest water course to drink. In a thick-leaved tree overlooking this path he had built a platform, and from this he had watched daily for a chance to shoot at the brute. Waiting here this day he saw the tiger come into view from an unexpected quarter dragging me along by the shoulder. When he saw the tiger drop me in the open space and lay himself down at a little distance away, the shikari fired at him, aiming at the head, for he knew that if not killed the first act of the brute would be to kill me. The tiger, struck in the ear by the heavy bullet, died almost in his tracks.

"After the shot was fired I lay still, not feeling sure that the tiger was really done for, until I saw Dassa Bahu come toward me from the tree. When I lifted my head the shikari was startled for he had thought that I was dead. But he came to me and lifted me by the shoulders so that by turning my head I could see the tiger lying stretched on his side.

"He can trouble you no more, sahib," said the shikari. "The tiger is dead."

"The shikari opened my jacket and examined my wounds, and then went down to the road to intercept my servants. By the time he came back with them my wounds were getting painful. While one of the servants rode to the nearest bungalow for men and a litter, I lay watching the shikari skin the tiger. It was a young animal, full grown, with a glossy, beautifully marked skin, and terrible teeth and claws. With the skin and the government bounty and the hundred rupees that I gave him, Dassa Bahu had no reason to complain of his day's fortune. I was taken out of the jungle that night, and to my home the next day. I had a bad shoulder, with fever, that kept me laid up for three or four weeks and I did not regain the full use of my right arm for years. But I think I got off well."

ACCURACY.

It is a Good Thing but Sometimes It Becomes Painful.

Accuracy is the most desirable thing on ordinary occasions, but there are times when it pains, says the Washington Star. It is soothing to hear the English language spoken with confidence and unerring grammar, which betoken intelligence and good breeding, and especially so when it is uttered in public places by uniformed persons from whom you ordinarily hear such remarks as "Hi!" "Get a move on yer" and "Can't you look where yer're goin'?"

A middle-aged man who had made his way through the mob of depot employees who use this style of vocabulary was happy to find the conductor on the sleeping car a young man with a gentle voice and a deliberate and refined manner. He was more than gratified when he saw him, later on the journey, take a copy of one of the Latin classics from his pocket and begin to read. His pleasure at the spectacle made him almost forget that in his haste to catch the train he had neglected to eat any luncheon. Approaching the conductor, he endeavored to mingle knowledge with agreeable intercourse. "Have you been on this road long?" he inquired. "No," the conductor answered, without looking up. "This is my first week." "Do you like the work?" "All labor is distasteful. But I endeavor not to allow my mind to dwell on the irksome phases of my duty."

The conductor had not taken his eyes from the book and his questioner abandoned all idea of sociability and proceeded with the matter nearest to his heart. "Will you tell me," he asked, "when and for how long this train stops for dinner?" "Not at all." "Are you sure of that?" came the inquiry in tones of protesting anguish. "Yes," the gentle voiced conductor replied, as he leisurely turned a leaf. "I am quite sure. The train does not eat."

A Rough Deal.

William Walker, of Genoa, Ohio, was fined \$25 and costs, amounting in all to \$130, for shooting a squirrel out of season.

NEW BILLS COMING.

A CHANGE IN THE CURRENCY SYSTEM.

Twenty-seven Designs to Be Reduced to Nine—Some of the New Notes to Resemble Those of the Bank of England.



THE multiplicity of the designs of our paper currency, and the astonishing ease in which the present series of silver certificates can be counterfeited, have made necessary an entirely new issue, concerning which the following statement is made by Claude M. Johnson, director of the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing: "The new designs ordered by the secretary of the treasury will be used for all the greenback issues of the government, namely: \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$500 and \$1,000. A \$1 silver certificate will be recognized from a \$1 United States note not only by the text of the bill but by the color of the seal and the number, which are printed by the surface process. For instance, the seal and the number on the United States note will be red, the seal and the number on the silver certificate blue, and the seal and the number on the treasury note some other positive color, easily distinguishable from either blue or red. This will enable the accounting officers of the government, as well as the banks, to recognize the character of the note, although the general design will be the same for all three, and when all, or most of the



CLAUDE M. JOHNSON, (Director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.)

paper money now in circulation, is retired and placed under this plan, there will be but nine designs, whereas now we have twenty-seven. I believe that the people will become so much more familiar with these nine designs than they are with the twenty-seven now in circulation that the difficulty of successfully passing a counterfeit will be increased materially. The design will be more in accordance with the conventional bank notes than were the silver certificates recently issued, but it will be the effort of this bureau to make them as handsome and artistic as possible under the circumstances. It is the desire of the treasury officials and the bankers of the country to have an expanse of exposed paper, a plainly engraved text and large counter number."

In these all-important but circumscribed circles of commercial life where filthy lucre is the chief commodity dealt in, and where those who handle it do so behind locked steel doors and impenetrable cage-work barriers, and above statement regarding the new design for bank bills will be especially welcome. In exact proportion to the amount of gratification the news will afford the legitimate dealers in money will be the unhappiness it will create among those who tempt fate by counterfeiting Uncle Sam's currency. These are the objects at which the treasury department officials have been aiming, and they have succeeded well, for every one who has seen the designs for the new bills declares that for simplicity and uniformity they are superior to anything hitherto turned out by the bureau of engraving. Beginning with the small and humble one dollar note, which will be the denomination most familiar to the majority of the people, this will be in appearance one of the most patriotic of bills. In the foreground will perch the American eagle, a bird whose widespread wings are a welcome sight to every patriotic American citizen at any time, and will be especially so when seen on the new one dollar bill. In the background is the dome of the capitol and over all floats the Stars and Stripes. The design is an exceedingly pretty as well as a patriotic one. The design for the new two-dollar bill has not yet been quite completed, but this much is known, that the most conspicuous part of it will be a portrait of George Washington in the lower center. Supporting the portrait of the father of his country will be two partially draped figures in a reclining attitude. This design is not unlike that of the \$3 silver certificates now in use. All the other bills are faced like Bank of England notes, their backs being green. The idea of treasury officials having been to reduce the twenty-seven designs at present in circulation, consisting of greenbacks, Sherman notes and silver certificates, to as few designs as possible, the simple expedient has been resorted to of making all bills of one particular denomination alike, and making the difference between the one and two-dollar bill as marked as possible, and the difference between the five and ten-dollar bill and the other

denominations so plain that the design alone will enable every one handling money to recognize the various denominations without further scrutiny. It has been decided with regard to the back of the notes to have them nearly all alike. Green will continue to be the prevailing color, so that the time-honored name of "greenbacks," by which Americans have been accustomed to refer to their paper currency, is in no danger of being retired. One very marked improvement that the new bill will have in comparison with the old is that on the broad expanse of green there will be a large white space. This may not seem a very important matter to the average citizen, but nevertheless it will cause a deeper wall to be heard in the camp of the counterfeiters than anything else about the new bills. For years experts have been wrestling with the problem of how to assure the instant detection of the absence of silk threads, a peculiarity of genuine notes with which counterfeiters have always had trouble. Experts have agreed that this white space on the green back of the bill will effectually solve the problem, as the absence of the threads is plainly noticeable on white space. Although the designs have practically been decided upon, and will take the shape described above, the new bills will not be ready for circulation for several months. The getting out of new money is necessarily a slow process, and it is well for honest men that it is so. The engraving of United States bills, in the elaborate manner that is necessary, is not a work of days or of weeks, but of months. It will probably be at least six or eight months before the engravers will have completed their work on the new bills, and a further time will elapse before they can be printed and dried ready for circulation.

SILLY MODERN MAGIC.

Crystal Balls Have Their Believers—North Light Reconsidered.

It would be quite wrong to conclude that the crystal sphere is discredited among the faithful, says Chambers' Magazine. Large numbers are sold every year—few, by comparison, with the parchment talismans, of course, and for excellent reasons; in the first place, the parchment worn next the skin requires periodical renewal; in the next, the crystal ball will last forever and is moreover inexpensive. The genuine article—real crystal—may cost as much as \$30; but that is a luxury only accessible to the wealthy and earnest prober into the future; for 15 shillings or a guinea you may possess yourself of a composition or glass ball nicely served up in a morocco case lined with satin like a jeweler's casket, and this will answer the purpose equally well. They are usually made perfect spheres; but if you prefer it eggshaped you can order an "ovoid crystal." I understand that astrology recognizes no difference in the relative merits of the two forms. Tinted balls for weak-eyed students and silvered mirror crystals resembling the globes used to adorn Christmas trees are worth passing mention. The chief essential to success in using the crystal ball is great concentration; a north light is recommended for reasons I am unable to explain, but is not absolutely necessary. You recline in an easy attitude, hold the ball up to the light and center your mind upon it until you see something; that which you see is going to happen. My knowledge of this particular matter is so slender that I will say no more about it. That crystal balls have their sincere believers would seem to be proved by the prices they command; the richest man or woman does not pay 30 sovereigns for a sphere of crystal the size of a lawn-tennis ball unless he or she confidently anticipates some return for the money.

ANCIENT GRAVES.

Excavations have shown the manner of burying which prevailed in old



TOMB AT CARTHAGE.

Carthage. A recently found tomb is in the form of a tent, half-carved, half-built in the side of a face of rock. The Carthaginians placed their dead in these strong receptacles and knew they were secure.

A Curious Suit at Law.

A fruit dealer in Sedalia, Mo., who ordered a car load of watermelons for a day when Bryan spoke there, as he says, to 20,000 people, did not receive them until the next day, when Senator Foraker spoke to a few hundred. There was not much demand for watermelons on that day, and the dealer has sued the shipping firm for losses by the delay.

Lighted the Sea Bottom.

At Toulon recently the bed of the sea was lighted up from a balloon attached to a tug in the hope that a lost torpedo would be detected. The experiment was successful.

THE LAW OF KARMA.

VIEW OF A DISCIPLE OF THEOSOPHY.

This Is the New Religion That Is Really Old—Lived Up to It Would, Like All Others, Transform Earth Into a Heaven.

"Karma" is a Sanskrit word meaning "action," whether of thought, word or deed. Since there are no straight lines in nature, every force tends to return to its projector. Once this law is recognized, we begin to see the philosophy underlying that homely adage, "Curses, like chickens, come home to roost." For 1900 years we in the western world have heard, "As a man sows, so shall he reap," yet while glibly reciting this, we sow Canada thistles and then rail at fate because we do not reap California peaches. Why? Simply because the philosophy underlying this is not understood. We fail to see in man the master of the cause but the slave of the effect. Nature is conquered by obedience to its laws. "Help Nature and work on with her, and Nature will regard thee as one of her creatures and will make obeisance," says the Voice of Silence.

Karma, then, is the law which adjusts effects to causes on all planes. It is the ultimate law of the universe, in connection with the law of rebirth—reincarnation—it explains the problems which now are vexing us. It explains the unequal distribution of capital and labor; the distinction of class in society, of sex in the affairs of life; the apparent injustice of birth—one man born in a hovel, another in a palace; one an imbecile, another with a vigorous, healthy intellect; one reaching the age of fourscore and ten in peace and plenty, the other cut off in his prime by a violent or "accidental" death. All that is due to Karma, either racial, national or individual. Man in his efforts toward the expansion of self-consciousness throws himself out of harmony with cosmic law, the result of the discord being what we call pain and suffering. So he learns that law has been disregarded, and the ultimate result is obedience to law, the tendency ever being to restore equilibrium.

The two doctrines which modern Christianity lacks (but which Jesus taught), are reincarnation and Karma, the one depending on the other. There is no mistaking the words of Christ: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Another passage teaching both doctrines is found in Matthew v., 26, "Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out of thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." Implying the Karma tie that draw the soul back to rebirth. In Matthew xi., 14, the statement is made clearly, "If ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come," a positive declaration that Elias had incarnated in John the Baptist. When the disciples asked why it was said that Elias would come before the Messiah, His answer was: "Elias shall truly come first and restore all things, but I say unto you that Elias is come already and they knew it not."

When the doctrine of reincarnation was stamped as a heresy at a general council held by the early church after the reign of mental and spiritual darkness had set in that of Karma went also. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again" gradually became a dead letter in the church, the vicarious atonement (wrongly interpreted) seeming to offer an escape; and so we have the various schemes to enable man to evade the penalty of his own wrong-doing. The doctrine of Karma—absolute justice—does not appeal to weak natures, preferring to shift the responsibility of their misdeeds on to the shoulders of their Creator—an idea which appears to theosophists little short of blasphemy.

Let us now take up the law of Karma and try if possible to see how it works. Science now acknowledges that thought precedes action, that no action is possible without the thought or motive power behind it; therefore, thoughts are of the most importance. Let us analyze this a little. Suppose we take a mind with no past activities, with nothing to hinder its perfect freedom (an impossibility which some of our "scientific" psychologists assume.) Suppose such a mind to evolve a thought. This thought, repeated many times, becomes a "habit of mind," so that it runs automatically into this particular mold. Suppose the growing mind now disapproves of this particular form of thought (or "thought form")—finds it a hindrance. The will by repeated efforts can change this mental tendency and direct the thoughts into other channels. Repeated covetous desires will crystallize into thefts when the opportunity comes. Thoughts directed toward helping humanity will crystallize into deeds of unexpected heroism. How often we hear it said: "If I had stopped to think I should not have done it." The saturated mental solution needed only the additional crystal to solidify into action. As long as we have the power to "stop and think" we have not yet reached the danger line; we are still "master of the cause." The liability to "stop and think," on the other hand, shows that we have become the "slave of the effect." Thus we find that the mind forges the fetter and wears it, and that while wearing it it can file through it by repeated efforts of the will. Here we have an instance of a small Karma cycle.

Further analysis reveals the fact that as repeated thoughts become tendencies, so painful experiences become conscious and experiences in the aggregate become wisdom, character, then being the result of the aggregate of mental images. Now we begin to realize the value of right thinking (a point theosophy emphasizes) and to see why it is that he who succeeds in raising the morals of a nation is its greatest helper. We begin also to see the scientific basis of the much-used and little understood proverb, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Our Oriental brother expresses the same ideal, "Man is a creature of reflection." He becomes that upon which he reflects. Therefore, reflect upon Brahma." Herbert Spencer puts the same thought into this form: "Human beings are at the mercy of their associated ideas."

So, after all, we see in the law of Karma nothing new—just what Jesus said: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again"—but the thought gains strength and new beauty in the light thrown upon it of the wisdom-religion, theosophy.

K. C. H.

TRAINS FOR MISSIONS.

Medical Missionary and Training School for Men and Women.

The Chicago Medical Missionary Training school is an undenominational school of practical philanthropy just established by several philanthropic people, in the large building at 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago (until recently occupied by the Home for the Friendless). Its purpose is to prepare Christian young men and women to labor in city missionary and rescue work, under the various missionary boards. It will co-operate with all denominations in helping humanity and responding to the cry of anguish that comes from society's down-trodden and outcast. Each course of study will last one year, and includes unsectarian Biblical instruction in Gospel principles, elementary physiology, medical nursing, hygiene, sanitation, emergency relief and practical philanthropy. The students spend part of each day in classes and part in practical work, such as friendly visiting and district nursing among the poor and destitute sick, as well as holding cottage gospel and health meetings. About one hundred of these meetings are now being held each week. There are at present one hundred and fifty students, but there is room for at least five hundred in the building. Consecrated young men and women are received as students without regard to their creed, provided they are prepared to devote their lives to gospel philanthropic work. Students are furnished with room and tuition free of charge and boarded on the European plan, costing from \$1 to \$1.25 per week for meals and incidentals. The building is steam heated and very comfortable. The instructors are physicians, trained medical nurses and philanthropic workers, all of whom give their services free. There is in the building a free medical dispensary, free bath, and laundry for women and children, day nursery, free kindergarten and kitchen garden, and also a home finding department for friendless men, women and children. It will furnish Christian families all through the country with children to adopt or men and women to work, as well as care for the homeless until placed in families. Sixty friendless young girls have been rescued and put in Christian homes in the past six months.

References: Rev. C. R. Henderson, D. D., University of Chicago; Bayard Holmes, M. D.; Miss Jane Addams, Hull House; Dr. Arthur Edwards, editor Northwestern Christian Advocate; Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson; or any leading pastor in Chicago. For particulars call or address, Superintendent, 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

No Diamonds There.

A Kansas City man who kindly permitted a strange young woman to faint in his arms found his diamond shirt stud is missing a few hours later. After this he is going to let the girls faint on a flagstone.

STORYETTES.

While Sherman was "out in the air" between Atlanta and the sea, rations sometimes got a little short; but the men were good-natured about it. One day an officer found a soldier eating a persimmon that he had picked up, and cried out to him: "Don't eat that; it's not good for you!" "I'm not eatin' it because it's good," was the reply; "I'm tryin' to pucker up my stomach so as to fit the size of the rations Uncle Billy Sherman's givin' us."

Sir Henry Irving, at a supper given in his honor by the Arts Club of Manchester recently, said that shortly after Lord Tennyson had been elevated to the peerage the actor remarked: "Look here, Tennyson, I can't call you lord." Said Tennyson: "I can't help it; I only did it for the sake of the boy." Sir Henry added dryly that he "rather thought this anecdote would not be found in the recently published life of Lord Tennyson," written by his son.

An English attorney general, Scott by name, once made so impassioned an appeal to an Old Bailey jury, assuring them that his reputation was the only inheritance he could leave his children, and, with Providence's help, he would leave it unimpaired, that Mitford, the solicitor general, was moved to tears. Some one remarked on this display of emotion to Horne Tooke: "He's crying," said that worthy, "to think how small an inheritance Scott's children will have!"